UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Louis L. Mann, Curtis W. Reese, *Associate Editors*

Contributing to This Issue:

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

G. B. HALSTEAD

LON RAY CALL

SYDNEY STRONG

MURIEL LESTER

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS

ROBERT WHITAKER

LUCIA TRENT

FREDERICK STARR

RICHARD B. GREGG

H. S. N.

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Contents

	Page
EDITORIAL—	
Notes	3
The Politician as Statesman—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY	5
ARTICLES—	
The Ordeal of Fire in India—III—G. B. HALSTEAD	6
Americans Face Russian Peasants—LON RAY CALL	8
Three Doctors at Geneva—SYDNEY STRONG	9
A Rock Garden—H. S. N.	11
Celebrities—REGINALD A. REYNOLDS	12
POETRY—	
Disarmament—*John Greenleaf Whittier*	3
Doing Good—ROBERT WHITAKER	13
The Beast in Man—LUCIA TRENT	13
THE STUDY TABLE—	
Anthropological—FREDERICK STARR	14
CORRESPONDENCE—	
London Dines Her Indian Police—RICHARD B. GREGG	15
THE FIELD—	
The Peace Army at the Air Force Demonstration—MURIEL LESTER	2
Swan Songs of Arms—SYDNEY STRONG	16

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Peace Army at the Air Force Demonstration

By MURIEL LESTER*

There were hundreds of members of the Peace Army at the R. A. F. demonstration, June 25th, at Hendon. They had a hundred thousand specially prepared leaflets for distribution among the vast crowds that gather there every year. Brigadier-General Crozier's leaflet was entitled "A Fighting Soldier Regards Hendon from the Ground." In Dr. Gray's leaflet there was given an accurate account of the recent bombing of Chapei in the province of Shanghai. "Hordes of men, women and children, seeking refuge struggle despairingly through the mud to escape from the death behind them. The children in their mothers' arms scream when the bombs explode and shake the earth over a wide area around them." (*World Telegram.*) Dr. Maude Royden's leaflet was entitled "Do You Realize?" and the fourth was by Joyce Pollard describing the constitution of the Peace Army and inviting sympathizers to join its ranks.

There were also twenty-five people from Kingsley Hall, Bow, who for the last five years have been making their witness against the use of the air for the practice of killing. These were mostly young people, men and women, and they entered the Aerodrome, mixing with the spectators, appealing to them to use their imagination and to think what lay behind the Show. It is computed that if six of the scores of aeroplanes there had been dropping real instead of dummy bombs, the whole happy crowd of a quarter of a million of spectators would have been wiped out during the day.

One Kingsley Hall girl had travelled a long way from her place of service at Kettering to take part in this Peace witness. She gathered the children round her in the field and talked to them, telling them stories of their small brothers and sisters in different parts of the world, who were all children of God, whether their faces were brown or white or yellow.

Platforms were set up in the fields adjoining the Aerodrome where cars were being parked, and ice-cream and pea-nut vendors were selling their wares, and here people gathered round and listened, while it was pointed out forcefully that no power on earth, not even the most stern ultimatum issued by the most potent Foreign Office could turn a fellow-man into an enemy, just because he happened to be born on the other side of a river or a mountain range or an artificial boundary line. The police moved us on from several of the platforms we set up in the field, saying that it was private property belonging to the Air

*Head of Kingsley Hall Settlement, London. The host of Mahatma Gandhi during his visit to England last fall.—Editor.

(*Continued on page* 16)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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DISARMAMENT

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er the fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:

Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

It would be interesting to know if, as Will Rogers suggests, the present atmosphere of reviving prosperity is a mere fantasy conjured up by men deeply concerned for the reelection of President Hoover. The stock market is of course easily rigged and commodity prices are not beyond manipulation. Furthermore, there are no real statistical signs of any kind to indicate that the corner has been turned. On the contrary, the New York *Times* review of business in August showed that the volume of trade was only 53.9 per cent of "normal," which is the lowest average yet reached. This would seem to be a sure sign that the depression is still with us as badly as ever, and that the improved spirit of confidence is simply the result of artificial stimulation appropriately engineered by the Republican campaign interests. *But*—how explain precisely the same phenomenon abroad? Here is the London correspondent of the New York *Times* writing his paper that business conditions in Europe remain of almost unrelieved gloom. Industrial reports and trade statistics from every country show there is scarcely a glimmer of business revival on the European horizon. In the field of foreign trade, the shrinkage of imports and exports is continuing "at a rate unknown to living memory." Thus, Britain's imports for domestic use fell 13.8 per cent in the first half of 1932 below the first half of 1931, while her exports, though stimulated by the depreciation of sterling, fell 6.1 per cent. France's imports slumped 29.2 per cent, while her exports declined "by the enormous proportion of 38 per cent." Germany's trade shrank "the most severely of all," with imports from January to June falling 39.9 per cent, and exports 37.3 per cent. And unemployment in all these countries, even in France, "remains in colossal proportions!" *Yet,* says this same correspondent, "Europe, like America, is beginning to believe the tide of world depression has turned." Surely, Republican ingenuity cannot explain this phenomenon! What is going on, especially in men's minds, is hard to tell. But this is certain—that psychology is a large element in any human situation, and that if psychology improves, statistics may follow.

Some time ago—O, months ago!—we spoke in these columns of certain good sides of the world depression. Among other things we said that it was increasing the financial difficulties of governments, which were hard pressed for funds and might be forced, therefore, whether they would or not, to cut down their armaments. If the depression only continues long enough, we said, it may force complete disarmament upon the nations. Now comes confirmation of our prophecy in the amazing action of Italy in retiring 130,000 tons of fighting ships, practically one-third of her entire navy. We know that Italy does not do this because she wants to. We are certain that she is not moved by any high-flown ideas of setting a moral example to the world. Not at all! The rule of Mussolini is intensely practical. "The purpose (of the program)," says the correspondent of the Associated Press, "is to *save money.*" Italy, in other words, is face to face with bankruptcy. She has no money, and can borrow no money. First among the European nations, she is *forced* to cut down her navy. A fact,

by the way, which explains, with beautiful clarity, the strenuous exertions of Italy's delegate, Grandi, at Geneva, in behalf of sweeping disarmament! Was "Il Duce" suddenly become a pacifist? O, no! He simply had no money, and hoped desperately to persuade the other nations to cut down their navies before he had to do so himself alone. But now that his government has taken this step, what harm has been done to his people? Is Italy less secure (magic word!) today than she was yesterday? When her 130,000 tons of ships have been scrapped or laid away, will her territories suddenly be invaded by France, or Germany, or Jugo-Slavia, her cities bombarded, and her possessions seized? When this reduction program is completed, we are told, Italy will be without a single battleship. Does this mean that her international influence and power are gone—that a great nation straightway sinks into insignificance? Nonsense! Italy is as secure today as she ever was, and her greatness as undiminished. This idea of security and power depending upon armed force in the modern world is plain, downright tommy-rot. And Italy's action proves it!

Important political news reaches us from England through our alert correspondent, Reginald A. Reynolds. This is to the effect that the Independent Labor Party has disaffiliated itself from the British Labor Party, and thus become a truly independent group. It will be remembered that the I. L. P., as it is popularly called, has always been composed of radical, thorough-going, idealistic men and women. It was the pioneer work of this organization which led the way to the establishment of the great inclusive Labor Party. The smaller group never became merged with, or absorbed into, the larger, but, like the trades unions and the cooperatives, became affiliated therewith. Now, according to Mr. Reynolds, this affiliation is ended, and the British Labor Party thus officially repudiated by what was in many ways its very soul. Trouble of course began a long time ago, when the Party, holding office in the Commons under the leadership of J. Ramsay MacDonald, proceeded to settle down into the hum-drum ways of nineteenth century liberalism. To find any Socialism in the policies of British Labor was like looking for a needle in a hay-stack. Something like a crisis was reached when Mr. MacDonald resigned from the I. L. P., in which he had for years been a conspicuous and trusted leader. But this crisis was speedily overshadowed by the national convulsion of 1931, just a year ago, when Mr. MacDonald turned his back on his own party, clasped hands with the men whom he had been fighting all his life, and became in due course the head of what is in effect a Tory ministry. On this occasion British Labor cast out its recreant son, or at least refused to follow him. But even so it faltered and paltered, and has hewed to no clear line of honest principle since. Now the Independent Labor Party is through! This means a new party added to the confusion of English politics. "Its weaknesses are already apparent," writes Mr. Reynolds. But if its members are in the wilderness, they are at least moving toward the Promised Land, and not back toward the pursuing hosts of Pharaoh.

Just for the sake of the record, we would here state that Britain has announced a new communal electoral plan for India; and also, for the sake of the record, that this plan, like any other plan that might have been announced, is a matter of precisely no importance whatsoever. Proclaimed with a great flourish by the Prime Minister as the fruits of months of labor, it falls, like the famous Simon Report, immediately into ashes. If there is any other one thing in the world today which is more utterly inconsequential than this so-called "settlement," we cannot for the life of us imagine what it is. The reasons for the still-born character of this legislation are obvious. In the first place, it comes too late. The time has definitely passed by for India to accept legislation at the hands of Westminster. This project might have been accepted ten, even perhaps five, years ago, but not today. In the second place—to state this truth the other way 'round!—this "settlement" has not been made with the National Congress, and therefore of course is of none effect. For it is Gandhi and the Congress which govern India at this hour, not MacDonald and the Parliament. What is done for India at Westminster in 1932 is of no more importance than what was done at the same place for the American colonies in 1778. England does not know it now, as she did not know it then—but her cause is lost! In the third place, even though the Empire could still legislate for India, this proposed legislation would not touch in any vital way the present situation, since it concerns only the local legislative assemblies. Is it possible that MacDonald and his government actually believe that the Indian demand for self-government is concerned with these provincial bodies, or will be satisfied by any reform that may be made in them? As well suppose that a grown man will be pleased by a pair of boy's trousers! This is one more chapter in the serial story of England in India—"too late," *"too late!"* It will affect India about as much as a single drop of rain upon her jungles.

It always amuses us when people begin to talk about the increase of drinking under Prohibition. From 1910 to 1914, according to the statistics of the U. S. Department of Commerce, 22.43 gallons of liquor were consumed annually by every man, woman and child in the country. Does any one, not utterly mad, believe that this amount of liquor is consumed today? But suppose, for the sake of argument, that there has been an increase of drinking in the last decade! What has

this got to do with Prohibition? During this same period, there has been a stupendous increase in the smoking of cigarettes, yet we do not know of any 18th, or 20th, or 21st amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of these "smokes." Indeed, when we think of the advertising that has been done to sell cigarettes—the unfettered efforts that have been carried on to subdue everybody, especially our young people, to the nicotine habit—it makes us tremble to think of the real increase in drinking that would have taken place during this same period had there been no prohibitory law against the liquor traffic. And speaking of advertising—does anybody wonder why the great metropolitan newspapers are in favor of the repeal of the 18th Amendment? Think of the cigarette "ads" that occupy whole pages in our daily press, and then imagine similar "ads," bought and paid for at enormous prices, which will spread abroad the delights of beer, whiskey, gin, and rum, the moment repeal is brought about. Which raises the further question of protecting "dry" states from "wet" states, according to the promises of the Republican platform! What is to prevent the great wet newspapers, published in "wet" territory, from carrying their liquor "ads" and propaganda into "dry" territory? Shall the dripping "wet" Chicago *Tribune* be denied admittance into "dry" Nebraska? Then what about the personal liberty of the Nebraskan who wants to read the *Tribune?* Nor should we forget the radio! "Lucky Strikes" carried the report of the Sharkey-Schmelling prize-fight to millions everywhere. Wilson's Whiskey would carry the report of the next fight, if the Republican idea goes through. But how will this "wet" radio broadcasting be shut out of "dry" territory? It's a nice problem. Work it out!

Whenever we go into a "movie" theatre, which is not often, we are amazed to see the crowds of men and women which fill the seats. Are these not hard times? Isn't everybody poor? How can these masses of people afford to attend these shows in such numbers? Then we ponder the problem a bit, and remember two things. First, and not so important, is the fact that all the "movie" houses, in New York and vicinity at least, have cut down their admission charges. It is possible now to enter a theatre, especially in the afternoon, for only a few cents. Secondly, and really important, is the fact that hundreds of thousands of men and women, once busily employed, are now idle. Accustomed to being occupied, they suddenly find themselves with nothing to do, and naturally, in spite of financial economies and worries, they drift into the "movies." This latter thought leads to another and deeper thought. A query! To what extent are these cheap and easy "movie" shows keeping the unemployed amused, and therefore contented, and therefore more or less inert? Suppose there were no diversion of this kind. Suppose that the idle were sitting uneasily at home, or shuffling unhappily about the streets, or gathering in various empty places of general assembly. Suppose, still worse, that these idle were flocking to saloons, and dosing themselves with whiskey, and railing against the cruelty and injustice of the world. How long would it be before there would be hunger riots, outbreaks of one kind and another everywhere? It is a remarkable fact that the most dire period of social misery in the history of the country is also a period of prevailing quiet and lack of all disturbance. We say the people are patient. They are! But would they be so patient if the old saloons were not closed and if the new "movie" theatres were not open? Perhaps the substitution of the "movie" for the saloon has worked a vaster change than we realize.

The Politician As Statesman

We deplore the lack of statesmen among our political leaders. We contrast the statesman and politician to the discredit of the latter. The politician is denounced as a scheming, time-serving demagogue. He is held to be guilty of the worst of political vices—following rather than leading. Politics is said to be dirty and necessarily the politician must be dirty.

On the other hand the statesman is the political hero. He has all the virtues the politician lacks. He is the leader, never the follower. He deals with principles which are high and clean. It follows that the statesman is high minded and politically clean.

Unfortunately living statesmen are seldom, if ever, to be found. At least general recognition of statesmanship is seldom granted to anyone. The leaders, so called, of a political party, are referred to by their more enthusiastic supporters as being statesmen. But this is never admitted by the members of the opposing party. There is some truth in the cynical statement that "the only statesmen are dead politicians." The long list of English statesmen belong to the past. In America, being dead does not elevate a politician to the dignity of statesmanship. Jefferson and Jackson are even today "dirty politicians" to a large number of Americans. And Bryan is still the partisan looking for desirable places for Democrats.

Yet if we really study the means and methods of social progress it will be seen that the statesman and politician are one; that the real politician is the real statesman. A new idea in the political life of a people is a long time in the process of formation. It comes in response to a human need. This need is at first recognized only by a few persons. They take upon themselves the responsibility of making known

this need to others. These men are neither statesmen nor politicians. They are educators, preachers, or if you please, propagandists. They are idealists because the ideal calls them to action. Garrison and Phillips felt called from on high to arouse the people of America to the evil of slavery. The appeal was not to party loyalty for they had no party but to the conscience of America.

It is by this method that all new ideas come into public discussion. From the time of their introduction until the time when they become political questions the method is one of education.

If their proponents are wise they will not, if they can avoid it, permit them to become issues in party platforms until they are sure that a very large number, if not a majority, of the people are in favor of their idea. The very moment an idea becomes a political issue a fight is on and the real merits of the issue are lost sight of in the passion of the fight.

New ideas are not always brought forth by courageous individuals. They grow just as Topsy did. The populist movement grew out of the needs of the agricultural population of the Middle West. Unfortunately the particular ideas within that movement became—almost over night—political issues. There was no period of education and as a result, the movement failed. Today the same problems are pressing upon the agricultural population as were in the nineties. It is useless, because impossible, to try to embody new ideas in the political body of a democracy unless these ideas have passed through the incubation process of a long public discussion. It is only through such discussion that the new idea is shorn of its crudities and fitted for a place in the social and political life of a people. It is in such a discussion that people are won to its support and its reasonableness is admitted by those who are of conservative temper of mind.

There are always new ideas that clamor for public attention. There are always advocates of causes who believe that their mere statement is sufficient to win public approval. But society moves slowly. Mankind is fearsome of the new.

The statesman recognizes this fact. If society is to move forward some one must pick and choose in the political field such issues as seem to have won in the public forum of popular approval. Call him statesman or politician the wise party leader is the man who senses what can be taken from the field of general discussion and brought forth as a political issue. By doing so he may seem to many to be a mere time server. He may be and he may not be. This is something that he only, really knows. His opponents will accuse him and his friends will applaud him.

It is because we expect our politicians to be both leaders in the educational and political fields that we are so often disappointed. It is absurd to expect a politician to espouse a cause which has the support of only a few of the electorate. It would be foolish and worse not only for himself but also for society if he was always being compelled to decide by means of political campaigns the value of every new idea to society.

The politician is a statesman when he successfully chooses the issues which are to be submitted to the violence and passion of a political campaign.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

The Ordeal of Fire In India

A Series of Four Articles

III

15. *"Curious Are the Ways of Government."*

"Curious are the ways of the Government," observes the Pant Report. In spite of the sympathetic and patient hearing extended to the Mahatma and the Congress of their claim on behalf of the tenants, and the public admission of Sir Malcolm Halley that "the very foundations of existing rents had collapsed," nothing adequate or merciful was forthcoming. There were, to be sure, an abundance of high-sounding but sterile speeches by the Officials, in which art the British Raj is very skilled; manifold rhetorical debates in the Council Halls that see-sawed endlessly but always vainly. Government finally announced, after considerable delay, when even minutes meant life to the cultivators, that the most it could do would be "to reduce the rents of non-occupancy tenants to the level of 1914-1915, where the present rent of such tenants was not less than 12% above the said level." Revenues were, of course, to be remitted or reduced proportionately. This remission amounted to not more than one and one-half annas per rupee, as against the Congress claim for eight annas to a rupee. The Government formula completely ignored the occupancy tenants, who were almost as hard hit by the fall in prices as the non-occupancy. It said nothing about the payments of arrears, an utterly impossible thing, and one which had been working great hardship on the tenants, for they were not allowed to pay their current rents without paying all arrears along with them. Also, it did not touch the question of the ejectment of those tenants who had lost their wretched homes and rights to cultivate the land, which meant the only possible means of existence for them. In one district alone, Allahabad, there had been more than twenty thousand of such ejectments, involving unimaginable suffering and despair.

16. *"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows . . . "*

This formula, which was but a mockery at the Congress, and another brutal manifestation of the callousness and coldness of this alien bureaucracy, was the straw that broke the proverbial camel's back. The Congress, indignant, pointed out that it did not touch even the fringe of the question. It was utterly wrong in conception, that is, the use of the year 1914-1915 as the basic year for readjustment—there was no com-

parison between the prices then and now—complicated and clumsy in application, taking as much as three months to get it working in some districts, and did not begin to give the tenants the help they should have had. A leading liberal landlord characterized it as "defective, illiberal, and niggardly and falling tremendously short of the needs of the situation." Government, ironically enough, thought it "heroic and financially calamitous." Of course, what Government was thinking of was not those starving millions, but the few high-salaried "servants" of His Majesty's Government of India, and the possible "cuts" a deficient revenue might entail. The use of the year 1914-15 as a basis for reductions deserves a few more words. This was a fearful mistake. The prices in that year were considerably higher than in the years 1931 and 1932, as the table in the appendix will show. Also, the costs of labor and means of production were lower than at present, and there was a greater market for Indian produce.

Under these schemes of remissions, the Government and the landlords would be sacrificing, generally, about 7% and 6% respectively, and in one or two districts up to a maximum of 20%, as against a net loss of more than 50% on the tenants side. Injustice is no name for it!

The Congress protested. Letters were sent to the Viceroy, to the Governor, to the Chief Secretary. A cable was sent to Mahatma Gandhi, then at the Round Table Conference in London. Conferences were assembled. Enquiry Committees appointed. Facts, and still more facts were poured into Government Offices by Congressmen. But Government would not budge further. The system had conquered even the wisdom as well as the justice of the officials. A little mercy and leniency would have paid better dividends than increased terrorism in the villages, but somehow Government with all its past experience and wisdom failed to even follow the dictates of good business judgment. The tenants, daily growing more restless under the increasing pressure that was being applied by the joint efforts of the landlords and the Government, came in great numbers to the Congress Offices with terrifying tales of oppression. They wanted advice and help. The landlords and Government were not slow to notice that latter fact. In fact, they had been very conscious, since the release of the Congress leaders from jail, of the growing influence and power of the Congress in the villages. They had seen signs of awakening and rising in the great, lethargic, drugged mass of human clay that was the tenantry of the country. It appeared this mass was getting ready to resist further drugging and beating. They knew these signs of new life in the villages were due to the work of the Congress. Even official reports blurted that out.

Now the only resort for empires, which are based on huge immoralities, and for landlords who as a class are merely parasitic and economically valueless when pressed or opposed or challenged is to fall back on the use of brute force—the machine gun, the lathi, the police, and through sheer force and fear continue their existence, unpressed, unopposed and unchallenged. This is exactly what happened, and it was termed in the interest of the Empire and in the name of law and order. And, since the Congress was the dynamo, generating power and light and infusing it into the tenantry, it was but natural that these weapons of force and fear and law and order should be turned against it as well as the tenantry.

17. Police Terrorism—An Empire Run Amuck!

These forces, once set into motion, act with the speed, the sureness and the awfulness of a violent death, coming over an innocent person. So it has been in India. Women and children, the wives and children of tenants and village congress workers were beaten with shoes and the butt end of rifles. Just before leaving Lucknow, I went with some Congress friends to a nearby village and there saw, with my own eyes, the swollen bruised back of an old woman, who had been mercilessly beaten by armed police with the butt end of an army rifle for no more serious offense than that her son was a Congress worker. Witness an Empire, I said to myself, sunk to the lowest levels of brutality, ignoring all tenets of decency and goodness. Others, men, I saw, in that same village, who had been knocked almost senseless with shoe blows on their heads. The use of the feet in India is considered a deep disgrace —and the use of shoes for beating, an even deeper one. But the forces of law and order recognize no law, but their own of brute force, and no order but that of the desert.

Women were raped, stripped naked and made to "frog parade" through village streets, sticks were thrust in their private parts. There is no limit to which these forces went in order to terrify the tenants. Now I don't want to leave you with the impression that all of these fearful happenings occured in each village throughout the united Provinces, nor were they perpetrated daily. This would be an entirely false impression. But I wish to make it clear that everything which I have mentioned, and a good deal more remains unmentioned, and all that I will mention in the following paragraphs, did happen on many occasions and in many villages. It can truthfully be said that persecution and terrorism was the rule, not the exception. The Pant Report will give you the detailed proofs of my statements. It is also well for you to bear in mind that most of these atrocities were committed between the signing of the Delhi Pact and the renewal of Civil Disobedience, that is, between March, 1931 and January, 1932.

The tenants were beaten with every conceivable type of weapon, and, if they showed signs of resisting, were fired upon and killed. This happened in numerous villages. Their cattle, invaluable to the Indian peasant, cooking utensils, ornaments, savings, grains, food stuffs, anything and everything were confiscated by the Zemindars' men and the police. No receipts were given, usually. Their houses were knocked down by elephants, or burnt. Certain tenants who appeared fresh or owed especially large sums were made to stand, on one leg, like a cock, in the sun all day, till they fell senseless. And remember many of these atrocities were perpetrated during the terrifically hot months of May, June and July. Their fences were destroyed, where there were any, and cattle were allowed to graze their crops to the ground. It is almost inconceivable that the zemindars and police did not realize that this particular method of punishment, more than others, was a two-edged sword. But they seemed blinded with blood and money lust. One tenant was strapped to the ground and red ants allowed to run over him and inflict their painful stings all over his body. In some villages, washermen and barbers were forbidden to serve tenants who had not paid their rents in full. In other villages, debtors were not allowed to draw water from the village well until they had cleared their debts, and since water means crops in India, this meant starvation for the tenant so punished.

Tenants who dared to file protests with high Government officials concerning these outrages, met at the hands of these officials, either stony silence and indifference or jail sentences. Under pretext of searching villages for robbers, etc., men in large numbers were taken away to jail and there detained at the pleasure of the Government without trial. Property was attached without judgment being previously granted. Tenants, up in the thousands, were ejected from their homes, and if their love for the tiny bit of land that was their only means of sustenance proved too great and they refused to vacate, criminal charges of treason were at once brought against them and away they went to jail. If any villages seemed unusually restless under this relentless torture, additional police forces were placed there and extra taxes were levied on the villages to defray the costs. All of these unbelievable practices and more have been authentically recorded in the official Congress Report, the Pant Report, in some cases by men who I know personally, and for whose integrity I can vouch.

Mothers, fathers or older brothers of village Congressmen were beaten with rifles, horse whips, lathis or leather straps. The last, you should know, is considered most objectionable by Hindus, because of their feelings towards the cow. These leather straps were wielded by Muslim police, which caused communal feelings to run high in some places. Take heed. Don't always blame the poor Indian for breeding communalism. I could make out a convincing case to prove that communalism has been bred just as much by Government, if not more, than by Indians themselves. Tenants were forbidden to attend Congress meetings, to wear khadi, (the economic hope of India, for the present, at least), Gandhi caps, or to make use of the national flag in any way. The Congress was forbidden in many villages to enroll volunteers, to form panchayats (village self-government units), to place offices in the villages or to display the national flag. And all of these things, mind you, while the Country was supposed to be observing a truce! Congressmen were denied freedom of speech and movement by the seemingly universal application of sections of the Indian penal code. Police sub-inspectors were given the powers of magistrates by allowing them to carry officially signed warrants for the application of the above-mentioned sections, and to use them whenever a Congressman appeared on the scene. These sections of the Indian Penal Code, by the way, are only supposed to be used in emergencies. Government made use of them in some cases without previously declaring the district in which they were declared to be in a state of emergency.

Villagers were forced to give undertakings not to assist the Congress in any way. In some cases these undertakings were taken when tenants had been beaten to a semi-conscious state. Their thumb prints were taken, which in India is as authentic as a signature. In other cases, men were placed in jail and promised their freedom only on giving an undertaking not to help the Congress. Villagers who had taken part in the past civil disobedience movements were refused remission slips for remissions in rent. One village Congress worker was beaten almost to death, arrested, put in a hospital, and then turned out of this hospital, before he had even begun to recover. He had to go to the Gandhi Hospital in Lucknow. Congressmen were arrested right and left without warrants, simply carted off to jail. In many cases, arrested village congress volunteers were tried in the moffudil, a traveling official court, where no legal help was available. When the Provincial Congress Committee appointed in June, 1931, smaller committees of Congress leaders to investigate these conditions in the villages, the works of these committees was substantially retarded and hindered by officially placed barriers, which included free use of sections of the Indian Penal Code, arrests, official indifference and even hostility, and, in some cases, the forcible restraining of tenants from giving evidence. All of these statements can be authenticated by reference to the Pant Report.

G. B. HALSTEAD.

(To Be Concluded)

Americans Face Russian Peasants

The Lenin Commune, close to 200 miles from Moscow and twelve miles from Karsanow, the nearest railway station, was very much alive on the August afternoon. Since early morning more than a hundred resident Communists had been hard at work threshing wheat. The sun had been hot, and the day long, but after the frugal supper which consisted of black bread, cabbage soup and tea, the threshers, together with other residents of the Commune gathered in the large dining hall, for something a little out of the ordinary was about to take place.

There were visitors from America! This however was not so surprising, for the Lenin Commune started by Americans of Russian nativity and extraction more than four years ago, is often visited by Americans who wish to look a little more deeply into the Russian situation than is possible if they remain in the cities. These visitors had arrived the previous day, and the first evening had been completely used in answering the questions the Americans asked. The questions had dealt with economic, agricultural and political matters, natural under such circumstances.

But now the questions were to be directed by the Russians at the Americans. The Russian peasant farmer was to learn how the times are dealing with America and incidentally how America is dealing with the times.

The eighteen Americans present, all members of The Sherwood Eddy American Seminar, were curious to know what questions they would be asked to answer. What could these Russian peasants know about our American problems? Would they really be interested in matters so remote from them? Would the audience be large or small? Would it be a group of the aged or the young? Would we be able to explain our country and its institutions as clearly as they had explained theirs to us?

The hour had been set early, and we soon learned that all who could come would be there. Very few Americans are there now, and almost no one speaks English. But everyone came, young and old. A few of us were assigned to receive the questions from our interpreter, with the assurance that every member of our group would be free to come to our aid. However, it worked quite the other way for we were held

in reserve, while any American able to do so freely entered into the fray.

These were the questions the Russian peasants asked:

1. How do you explain the fourteen millions now in America who are unemployed?

2. What is the way out of the crisis in the United States?

3. What is the Government of the United States doing to help the unemployed?

4. Why does the United States spend so much on armaments and so little on relief?

5. What is the attitude of the organized Labor Movement in the United States toward Soviet Russia?

6. Why is it that in America, cultured, educated and civilized as she is, a teacher is allowed to be dismissed for teaching Darwinian evolution?

7. Is religion taught in the Public Schools of America?

8. Is it true that the farmers in the United States have destroyed some of their farm products? Why?

9. If America wishes the world to disarm why did she not accept Litvinof's proposal for complete disarmament at the Geneva conference?

10. Why did the United States, Great Britain and France send armies into China recently?

11. Have you read Marx and Engels? If so, do you think they dealt with facts or theory? Were they correct?

12. If you could choose a political leader for America, whom would you select and why?

13. Do you think it is possible to achieve a socialized state through the Socialist Party in the United States?

14. If the American Socialists saw the Red Army land in New York, what would be their reaction? What would they do?

15. If you believe that no one wins in modern warfare what would you say about the Communist's victory in the civil war in Russia?

Stubborn questions, these. They kept us going until midnight, and even though the next day the threshing would begin at an early hour very few left the meeting before it closed.

Where did the Russians get these questions? Did they think them up as they sweated at their harvest? If not, what does a Russian think about when he threshes his communal wheat?

Moscow, Russia. LON RAY CALL.

Three Doctors at Geneva

(*From Our Special Correspondent*)

I. Swan Songs of Arms—by Dr. Dirge

Suggested by the Swan in the Rhone at Geneva.

Arms and Booze—twin serpents in man's Paradise. High time they were both expelled.

The Disarmament Conference has succeeded splendidly in one direction—in disarming the pacifists.

Praying for a deadlock. A deadlock is a divine interposition to show mankind that talk of finding a basis of peace, while nations are in *arms,* is vanity. Might as well appoint Satan chief advocate in Heaven's affairs. First, cast out the devil of armament, then can man see clearly the road to peace. So, pray for a deadlock!

Monuments. French and English military and church leaders joined hands (August 1) at the inauguration of a memorial at Thiepval to the memory of 73,367 British dead. The highest dignitaries of church and state participated. It is the "largest memorial erected by any of the allies." Such monuments scattered over the earth (their name is Multitude) are war-breeders. They become new shrines to Mars. Parents will bring their children to these altars of sacrifice, and these little ones, in a score of years, will march forth to defend "the graves of their fathers." Who will save us from this fatal superstition of Mars-worship? What leader of youth dares?

When the deadlock comes in the Conference, it is time to turn to Total Disarmament Now.

A God to abolish. The same God that saves the king and saves us from our enemies is the God that stirs up the trouble in China, India and Nicaragua. He is like Baal—of heathen origin, and should be abolished.

Titles. One serious obstacle to peace on earth is titled gentry. Nothing is more disgusting, nor more ominous, than the way American democrats get dizzy over the prospect of being "presented" to nobility, or at the court of St. James. And the sideliners of course snicker as they take the "goose-step" stride. Poor fools! As to bringing peace among men, what advantageth it to have at the head of committees someone who signs himself without his Christian name? There would be more prospect for peace if titled gentry were allowed to take humble places of service. But with all his boasted independence, the Anglo-Saxon is still a shoe-polisher of nobility. Besides, do we not know that privileged classes depend for protection and even existence upon the sword? Why expect them to work for their own abolishment? . . . I am not pessimistic over the Disarmament Conference (nor over anything), but a glance over the list of the delegates with their titles does not inspire enthusiasm! Under the first name, that of Afghanistan, there are two "Excellencies." Under the last named state, Yugoslavia, there are five "Excellencies," three "Generals," a "Vice-Admiral" with a generous sprinkling of "Doctors," "Colonels," etc. In the whole roster are an even ninety-six "Excellencies"—a dozen "Right Honorables." The only lands where titles are conspicuous by their absence are those where they have had recently a peoples' revolution—namely Germany and Russia. Oddly, these two lands have stood strongest for drastic reduction of arms. A conference for a drastic reduction of titles may prove essential as a preliminary to arms reduction. Think it over.

Swan-songs. Signs of decay!

When sacred shrines multiply, religon departs.

When Caesar Augustus sent out a decree that all the world should be *taxed,* the Roman Empire was in process of falling to pieces. A word to the wise!

II. Lake Ripples on the Conference—by Dr. Smiles

Weapons. Please name 100 most "aggressive" weapons. . . . Would you rather be killed by gas, electricity, bullet, drowning or hanging? State reasons. . . . Would all these methods of death in the

next war enter into the honorable category, if one is to be executed, of a "soldier's death."

Styles for Ladies. A suggestion for hat styles for women in times of peace: submarines, tanks, cruisers, airplanes, monuments, grave-stones, cannon, helmets. All excellent means of suggestion for the mind.

The Stragglers Resolution. The Resolution that marked the closing of the first "phase" of the Conference will be known as the Stragglers Compromise. It was supported by the American delegation on the ground that "it represented the point which the last straggler seeking the same goal had passed." Who are these stragglers? Hands up. Had always supposed that stragglers were at the tail-end. And, will the tail continue to wag the dog?

Human Nature. "I tell you that it is human nature for men to fight; it is in the blood" said a man on Rue Mont Blanc. "Not so," said another as he passed on, "it's in the beefsteak!"

The Holy Land. Once the Turk kept guard over the sacred spots of the Holy Land, keeping the Christians in their proper places, and to curb unholy zeal at sacred moments. The Christians once kept the injunction literally to watch and fight and pray, the Turk with his long rifles enjoining due caution and order around the cradle and tomb of Christ. One point may be put down to the credit of the Turk of early days, he never advertised for tourists and was not interested in fresh discoveries of holy places that might draw gate receipts.

In the Mountain. Since spending a few months among the Scribes, Doctors, Lawyers, Propagandists, Merchants, of Geneva, I can understand why the disciples of Jesus took to the Mountain—there to build tabernacles.

A Wide Range. The problems before the Conference embrace the *air*—"the heavens above" and the *land*—"the earth beneath" and the *sea*—"the waters under the earth." Man's problems are thus a shrewd commentary on his origin and destiny!

With One Excuse. A Peace worker was soliciting friends to participate in work for immediate total disarmament. Here are two of the ancient excuses made by orthodox refusers: first, "I don't believe in taking pledges"; second, "The world is not ready for total disarmament."

That Burden. The "white man's burden" grows heavier as he carries on. It is suggested that he let go his strangle-hold on colored people and let them walk—especially in sections where the road is going down hill. Turn about in carrying burdens is fair play at any rate—and perhaps the burden will then become light.

The "Bonus" Soldiers. Everyone has watched the "Bonus" Crusade on Washington—former soldiers in their want seeking for support,—for cash. What would happen if next autumn 5,000 veterans of the War—French, Germans, Italians and others—should march on Geneva, seeking for Peace through Total Disarmament—with fasting, with prayer, with picketing—not for a "Bonus" for themselves, but for their children, and *pro bono publico.* Methinks the Conference would stop, look and listen—and heed.

III. Light on the Mountains—by Dr. Wisdom

Christian Science should put on an Einstein 2% Button and prepare to exert a more positive pacific influence than it did during the Great War. Like other faiths it was caught up in the cyclone of diabolism and nationalism. Scientists, like the Quakers, have the correct principles on war which are useful in proportion to practice.

I meet many disciples of Karl Barth, theologian. They affirm that we should not ask such a practical question as, "What ought I to do?" but rather, "What is *being done* by God?" If you ask about war, they are apt to tell you, that such problems should be left with God. Very well, will they kindly ask God if he desires them to murder his children?

The Soul of America may be portrayed as fidelity to the principles of equality, the sovereignty of the people and the authority of conscience. America is primarily indebted to Calvin for this freedom, who taught that no obedience might be given either to church or state that was not first sanctioned by conscience; that the individual should not surrender his understanding to the church, nor his conscience to the priest, nor his will to the prince. A revival of this kind of Calvinism is sorely needed in this day.

A French paper remarked about the Hoover Proposals, "Moses is dead long ago and Mount Sinai is nothing but a tourist center!" This comment reveals why the French are less wise than the British, who find use for Moses in the control of Palestine, who make the Holy Land and Sinai, as tourist centers, pay good dividends. The French would be wiser if they had a few Balfours and Gordons. The French Cabinet could profitably spend a few hours thinking this over.

The "Oxford Group" might well remember that early Christianity was first neutralized by Greek philosophy, and next defeated by Roman organization. Such is life.

Total Disarmament points the only way to bloodless revolutions.

Christ came (comes) twice. In the prophets (idealists) and in the flesh. Even the scribes and Pharisees believed in him in the prophets—in fact, by such belief they get a living. But in the flesh—the same voices cry, "Away with him!"

"Despair is a fortress that must be carried by storm and not by siege"—if good for reparations at Lausanne, good also for disarmament at Geneva.

The Unknown Soldier. The pagan Athenians erected an altar to an Unknown God. A Christian Jew passing through that ancient Geneva declared that they were doing it in ignorance, and if they did not repent they would soon be facing a day of righteous judgment! And Christendom is erecting altars to an Unknown Soldier! Needed—a Paul, or Paulina, to open blind eyes—and avert impending righteous judgment!

Recipe for a Bullet Proof Pacifist:

(1) Be a War Resister, which means you will take absolutely no part in war.
(2) Wear an Einstein 2% Button, everywhere and all the time. Thus one shows his colors and becomes a personal evangelist against war.
(3) Practice non-violence.
(4) Crusade for Total Disarmament Now—nationally and internationally.
(5) Test persons and institutions — church, school, state—by attitude toward war.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Geneva, Switzerland.

A Rock Garden

The sultry, enervating days of September delayed the work on a long-anticipated rock-garden. Perhaps it was all the better, because, having decided upon the site, there was time for careful thought. A gently sloping lawn, running north and south, entirely visible from the cottage, was chosen and, early in October, excavations begun, close to a flag-stone walk, in the interstices of which portulacca, mosses and saxifrage had flourished for several years. The north end of the garden was excavated to a depth of about thirty inches and a rock wall of rough stones thrown up with pockets of earth amongst them, and each of the other three sides were arranged in the same way, except that the depth of the wall varied according to the slope of the lawn. Diagonally across the upper part of the garden a narrow flag-stone walk was laid out, with broad, low steps at the center, leading north down to the upper garden, and to a garden to the south on a lower level, with rough walls supporting the walk elsewhere. The lower part of the garden was divided into unequal halves in the same manner, the south side running off to a broad point. This gave a garden forty by sixty feet, composed of unequal triangles.

Not many miles away, was a huge bluff of picturesque rough stones. A few dollars, and considerable tact, secured permission from the owner to take all the stones required. Some of them must have lain at the foot of this old bluff for centuries; their crevices were filled with delicate rock-ferns, red and yellow columbine, hepatica, and fresh, green mosses. Many trips with the truck were required to bring them to their future home. In the center of the middle portion, a mound was built of rough stones and pockets of soil, and a cement bird-bath placed on top with plumbing connections for a spray. Flat, rough stepping-stones were sunk in the soil here and there, to enable one to walk about dry-shod. A week's steady work found the skeleton of the garden quite complete, although a good deal of imagination was required to realize that this huge hole in the ground, with stone all about, would ever become a garden. Fortunately, two marvellous rocks had been found, one roughly oval, hollowed slightly at the top, as if by the rain of centuries, picturesquely covered with moss and growing plants. A base was made of several layers of broad, flat stones with soil between, and with great difficulty, and the help of several men, the huge boulder was finally lifted into place in the corner of the upper garden; the other, somewhat resembling a high-back, broad-seated chair, as if a boulder had been broken rolling down the bluff, perhaps coming into contact with a mighty oak, was placed in the broad corner of the lower garden. Meantime, we had been making a study of evergreens and, in our excursions into the country, dug many charming wild species of miniature firs, prostrate hemlock, and juniper. From the nurserymen we bought several Japanese yew, blue spruce, and two daphne; the daphne was in full bloom when it arrived, and we planted it with many misgivings.

We had planned to leave the planting until spring, but when we removed our old rock-garden, which had been roughly thrown up years ago, when we added a few more rocks each time that we dug an armful of wild plants, we decided to transplant these wild things immediately into their new home. It was surprising how many there were; violets of several varieties, hepatica, columbine, wood-ferns, rock-ferns, maidenhair, and almost forgotten blood-root which had lain in these rocks for years and years, and other spring-blooming plants. We tucked many of them into the bird-pool and rock walls and even made beds of ferns and violets in several corners, but they occupied but small space in this vast area, after all. It certainly was a dreary attempt at a rock-garden when the cold, angry winds of early November drove us back to town.

The leisure hours of winter were spent poring over catalogues and garden books. Many were the discussions as to what would be desirable, and where it should be placed. We had long ago decided that this was not to be an expensive garden and that we would grow the plants from seed rather than buy them. Early February found the greenhouse in town filled with seed flats which were watched with intense interest.

May at last arrived, and we eagerly returned to the country, wondering what damage the winter had done to this garden of our dreams. With fear and trembling we investigated, pushing aside the leaves here and poking doubtfully about there. What surprises, both pleasant and disappointing! The October-planted plants had rested snugly in their winter quarters, and many were already in bloom. Most of the evergreens had wintered well, and the daphne were a mass of rose-colored bloom. Forget-me-not and fern, strawberry and creeping buttercup, blood-root and columbine, anemone and spring beauty, all were tangled over the rocks, but there seemed to be endless bare spots yet to be planted. The number of small rock-plants required to fill a foot-square space is appalling—a full summer's work mapped out to be sure!

One of the walls had crumbled, covering a bed of violets and maidenhair with debris, but it probably kept them snug and warm, for they looked sturdy; the bird-bath had loosened from its mound. The wall was soon repaired, and another bird-bath built of stones and pebbles, lightly set in cement, and a spray attached—in all ways much more attractive than the former one. At least, we had the fun of profiting by our failures.

Into the woods we went, bringing home quantities of early spring plants, planting them here and there into the pockets of soil in bird-pool and wall, or bordering the walks. Hereabout are rocky hill-sides—the rough stones almost covered with many varieties of small ferns and maidenhair. Several early morning trips brought us all that we could use of these. We were amused to find wild things growing in the formal gardens. Twice we thought we had removed all the violets and ferns, the third time we attacked them vigorously and were sure they were all rooted out, but spring found them growing sturdily from their roots or seeds in the old garden, and we again set to work transplanting them. The garden was alive and green at least.

At last, late May arrived, when we dared transplant our seedlings. Up from town the gardener came with a truck-load—no, I do not exaggerate—a large truck-load of seedlings. At the end of two days' hard work, they were settled in their new quarters. The workers were weary and the plants decidedly di-

lapidated, but the garden was fairly full and, hoping for the best, we rested from our labors.

A week passed—a great transformation took place. The early-planted roots grew by leaps and bounds, throwing out new tendrils here and there, and gradually coming into bloom. The young seedlings looked sturdy, some even in bud. Now, as September is with us, we look with satisfaction at our nine months old rock-garden. The pool is nearly covered with green and bloom. Birds of all hues frolic in the pool; bluebirds, orioles, wild canaries, thrushes, red-headed woodpeckers—a riot of color.

Each day brings its surprises. Seeds have blown into the garden, and California poppies, columbine and phlox, which were never planted, but simply blew, are in bloom. Seeds scattered carelessly in bare spots, and quite forgotten until now, have sprouted in unexpected places. Trailing plants have grown so closely that it is impossible to distinguish them, and no artist could rival the colors. Rose and blue, orange and pink, violet and yellow vie with each other; a dash of scarlet amongst pale blue, glowing purple rising above the gold—and everywhere the cool green and the sturdiness of rock and boulder. What joy to watch the garden from day to day, to find, suddenly, that something which we had begun to think would never bloom was in full flower; to find an unfamiliar blossom that sends us racing to search the catalogue for its name. All this joy is his who tends and plants a garden.

But more joy is in store for us. Well we know that it will be almost unrecognizable next season. The charming combination of color will be quite changed but not less beautiful. The seeds will blow about and take root in strange places. This year's bed of forget-me-nots may be mingled with yellow poppies, pink phlox, or purple sand verbena. Ferns may add a restful note to rose-colored saxifrage. The rough stones, now quite visible, may be covered with clinging vines or trailing buttercup. Tiny crevices, with so little soil, that one cannot imagine that anything could grow there, may hold dainty columbines to delight the eye. What now is a patch of purple and gold delight may then be covered with flowers of delicate hue. At least the joy of anticipation is ours!

H. S. N.

Celebrities

(From Our Special Correspondent)

There is so much that is highly improbable in this story that you are welcome, if you prefer, to regard it as a fiction of my own. And yet the separate incidents might happen almost any day; and if fate or chance or providence (you may take your choice) threw them neatly into order for me during my last week-end in London, in a sort of philosophic sequence, the incidents themselves were none the less casual.

* * * *

I stayed at a flat in Buckingham Gate, close by the Palace. It was a week-end that will long be remembered for the intense heat, night and day. On Saturday evening the heat seemed to me so unbearable that I walked into the road just as I was (coatless and otherwise "disreputable" according to West End standards) and strolled towards the park. A few minutes later I had passed the park gates and was ambling leisurely across the road.

Somewhere on my left I was aware of an approaching car. I sensed it rather than saw it, and pedestrian independence held me to my slow course. The weather rather than any particular conscious principle decided that I should not hurry myself for that car. . . .

The car swung behind me as I stepped on to the pavement, braking sharply as it did so. Then for the first time I was aware that the guards and police were all saluting. All other traffic was for the moment held up (how they missed *me* I am still unable to imagine) and the few civilians in the vicinity were standing bare-headed—these included myself, for I wear no hat.

I looked sharply at the car as it swung gracefully through the palace gates. There was no mistaking the two principal figures, sitting bolt upright like statues carven in stone—the profile familiar on my coppers, the face known so well to the illustrated papers. As I strolled absentmindedly across the road with my hands in my pockets, I had been within a few yards of the honor of being run over by Their Majesties, the King and Queen of England.

* * * *

The following day I was walking at a brisk pace up Kingsway, in the direction of Euston Station. It was Sunday, and Kingsway in the afternoon was unusually empty. The taxi drivers, the vendors of Sunday papers and myself seemed to be the only people on business bent—the rest wandered easily on their way in the self-conscious contentment of drowsy heat and relaxation.

Down the pavement on the other side of the road there came a man with fantastically long hair and eccentrically attired. Passers-by stopped and stared after him, curious and amused. They drew one another's attention—laughed, spoke, and laughed again. I too watched him for a moment before I hurried laughing on my way towards Euston. I was not laughing at his clothes, which were admirably suited to the weather, or at his hair, which was his own business. I was not even laughing because he was a very bad poet; and still less because he was an unfortunate one; though neither of these facts were probably known to anyone else in Kingsway. I was laughing because he was the King of Poland, and because no-one in the road except he and I knew it, and because he still lived in the Middle Ages, and dreamed of carving out an Empire Tamerlane-fashion when the Soviet crumbled (of which he was confident) or may-be sooner. And while he walked down Kingsway (where else would you meet him?) and plotted in his mind the overthrow of Stalin and the disruption of the Baltic States, or saw himself crowned in Warsaw, the people passed by and laughed at a funny man with long hair. . . .

* * * *

On a platform at Euston a little man in a white cap, dressed in an outlandish suit of white cotton, hand-

spun and hand-woven, stepped out of the train from Liverpool.

The passengers in their haste took little notice of him: unlike the leisured sun-baskers of Kingsway, they had no time for staring. Besides, a man with a brown face and a white beard might be expected to dress a little unusually; and Gandhi's visit to London had accustomed us to even stranger sights where Indians were concerned.

And yet perhaps their curiosity would have been greater if they had been told that the knowing little man in white had once been President of India's Parliament—a sham parliament, it is true, from which he and all his political colleagues had eventually resigned in despair, abandoning the luxury of New Delhi and the friendship of a Viceroy for a prison cell. All interesting, no doubt, but nothing like so interesting as certain information that he had with him. Mr. V. J. Patel had just returned from Dublin after three long conversations with President De Valera, who a few years ago was himself a hunted rebel.

As I suspected, the subject of those interviews was not to be shared with the British Press and the general public. Nevertheless Mr. Patel said some interesting things; and I left him a few hours later with a "story" in my pocket.

* * * *

Fleet Street at night is a hive of hectic activity. Telephones—boys running to and fro along corridors lined with offices—pale faces peering over lines of print. And in this little unreal world, working feverishly in the electric glare, the news-men play their nightly race against the dawn.

"It is no longer a street of adventure," says my friend; "they don't want copy, unless there is a fear of someone else getting it. What they want are new advertisement stunts—puzzles and competitions."

I shake my fist childishly at one gigantic building —the home of a paper we are not even trying with our copy: "In the Eighteenth Century they stormed the Bastille: in the Twentieth we shall blow up Fleet Street."

My friend smiles and hurries me on. He knows the Street well, and all journalists think they know the public. To himself he is saying "The press gives the public what the public wants." To myself I say "And the public thinks it wants whatever the press gives it."

We hurry from office to office. It is useless, as we knew too well ourselves. Our story may be good or bad, but it is rejected because it does not flatter the readers of the morning papers: it is too full of home truth and straight tips that they would rather ignore—till too late.

Cynically amused—hardly even disappointed—we leave Fleet Street behind us. Till the early hours of Monday morning they will go on tapping out what the public wants to know, and what it wants to hear about itself.

Only that? I wonder. I remember another occasion, and the words of a London sub-editor: "The Government has circularized the press to the effect that nothing shall be said that might cause offense to the Indian Princes. None of The Combine will touch your article. . . ."

Yes, there is more in it than that. Kings may drive in pomp past their saluting guards or wander penniless as picturesque vagabonds: Presidents may become jail-birds, and hunted rebels become Presidents, and live to shake an Empire. But those dark kings whose minions work by night—whose dispatches lie each morning upon the tables of their servants—whose edicts shout at us from the hoardings and the highways —they are indeed the Kings of the Earth, and their Kingdom remains unshaken.

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

Doing Good

Less is it lack of courage that betrays
The cause of man, than comfortable ways
Of doing good. Men who sincerely care
To help their fellows, sometimes unaware
Forsake the harder for the easier course,
And find in "human selfishness" the source
Of this or that which everyone deplores
Because they love religion's pious chores,
Telling the obvious, and swabbing sores
With sentimental ointments of good-will,
And giving good advice, and saying prayers,
And counting verbal beads; or, bolder still,
Pouring phillipics on acknowledged ill,
The common ailments everybody shares.

There is an unction in this sort of thing,
A holy, self-intoxicating bliss
That lifts us, as upon celestial wing,
As God Himself had swept us with a kiss
And made us viceroys of His grace to men.
So might the Good Samaritan have felt
When on the road to Jericho he went
Bearing his wounded neighbor to relief.
To comfort broken hearts, assuage the grief
Of orphaned children, teach a new content
Where bitterness and hatred lately dwelt,
To make the fruits of love bear twice again!—
Is it to wonder men of generous mood
Choose the accepted ways of doing good?

Is it to wonder men are slow to see
The goodness privilege has made her own?
Building around the castle and the throne
A moat of ministries and minstrelsy
Flooded with gentle, charitable deeds,
And bridged with kindnesses strong to deceive.
The goodnesses that justify the greeds,
The sanctities that robberies can weave.
So is it that the good defeats the good,
The common, calmer good rebukes the mood
Of the stern prophets who must challenge law,
Wisdom, religion, even love itself
Would they unseat the plunderbund of pelf
Enthroned in reverence, gratitude, and awe.

ROBERT WHITAKER

The Beast in Man

(Prompted by the brutality of Philadelphia police toward May Day demonstrators)

The year is desolate, the times are bleak
With hungry folk denied the right to speak.

Driven and clubbed and knocked against the ground
As brutally as a thug would kick a hound.

"Civilization" bears its bitter fruit.
How little human and how much of brute!

Can any order which will flaunt such crime
Endure against the battering ram of time?

How many centuries are yet to span
Before the human routs the beast in man?

LUCIA TRENT.

The Study Table

Anthropological

"The Anthropometry of the American Negro"[1] is certainly one of the most important recent contributions to anthropology. No searching examination of American Negroes on a comparable scale has been before done. 5659 individuals were examined (3378 males and 2281 females). The material included groups from Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Alabama and Virginia. The students of Howard University formed the most important group, and school children as well as adults in Harlem supplied material for the study of growth and heredity. The results of the investigation are important and some of them are not what current theories might lead us to expect. The study was primarily one of race mixture and a special feature of it was the use of genealogical material. An important preliminary question was whether the material was adequate, in the sense that it was *representative* of the entire American Negro population. Another important question is whether the genealogies are to be depended on. As to the latter, Herskovits says:

> I believe that the data gathered in this study demonstrates that the current idea that "the Negro does not know his father" is fallacious and that, for a given group for which genealogies are taken, such use can be made of their statements as to ancestry as can be made of statements from any other element of our population that lacks written records of ancestry.

The genealogies certainly check out with the anthropometric data in such fashion as to give a feeling of confidence in them. We can mention but a few of the interesting conclusions which Herskovits states. It appears certain that a relatively homogeneous type tends to be established. This harmonizes with Embree's view, recently reviewed here, that a new, "a brown race," is forming in our country. Our author says:

> This American Negro type . . . is apparently so uniform that it may be tapped in any locality—and the results will apparently be no different from those obtained from the series presented here.

There is much less crossing today between Whites and Negroes and Negroes and American Indians than in the past.

> The social pressure against crossing is growing to be as strong among the Negroes as it is among the white population. Crossing with Indians is a matter of some generations ago and today is an exceptional occurrence. In other words, the tendency to breed within the Negro group is becoming progressively stronger.

One of the astonishing results of this study is that this Negro type presents notably little variation. This is quite contrary to one of the oft-stated dicta of anthropology. Great variation within a group has been considered to indicate much mixture. Here we have a population, which has been studied just because it is a case of mixture on a prodigious scale, yet it proves to show small variability. Herskovits says:

> . . . this group of Negro-Indian-White hybrids, so greatly mixed racially are inbreeding to form a type, the general variability of which in numerous traits is not only less than that of an unselected sample of American Whites, but in many instances no greater than the unmixed European, African, and American Indian peoples who have contributed to its ancestry.

We make a last quotation in order to call attention to the existence of a social selection and the probable ultimate of this mixed type. "Light color and non-Negroid traits maintain a strongly invidious position among the Negroes" seems to us a statement capable of being misunderstood. It means, however, that dark men marry lighter women by preference.

> It seems that a social selection among the Negroes of this country on the basis of skin color is occurring. What the effect on future generations will be depends largely on the continuing in force of the present *mores* regarding such selection. If they continue, however, the daughters of these matings will, in the main, be darker than their mothers, and if they are selected in turn and choose still darker men, the effect will be that the American Negro population will become more like the Negroid type so far as skin color is concerned, since the relative amount of Negro blood in the Negro population will be increased. However, the genealogies presented in this study show conclusively that there is too much White and American Indian blood in the American Negro population to permit a reversion to the pure Negro type. On the other hand, with this social selection in operation and with the stoppage of crossings with the Whites to any appreciable extent, it seems reasonable to suppose that there will not be change toward the White norm.

It seems that much that we thought we knew of Sun Yat Sen is not true. Thus, a magazine article of 1912, said to have been Sun Yat Sen's own statement reads in part as follows:

> Up to the year 1885, when I was eighteen years of age, I led the life of any Chinese boy, except that from my father's conversion to Christianity and his employment by the London Missionary Society, I had greater opportunity of coming in contact with English and American missionaries in Canton. An English lady became interested in me and I eventually learned to speak English.

There is also a public document, duly sworn to by Sen before a notary public, and accepted by the Secretary of Hawaii as authentic, in which Sun Yat Sen declares that he was born at Waimanu, Ewa, Oahu on the 24th of November, 1870. What could be more simple and convincing? Yet most of it is false. Sun Yat Sen was not born in Hawaii, nor in the year 1870, nor was his father a Christian or an employee of any missionary society, nor did he in his boyhood come into contact with Canton missionaries, nor did he learn English there. And the kind English lady who became interested in him seems altogether imaginary. In this new book,[2] by Bishop Restarick of Honolulu, who has come into contact with many persons who knew Sun Yat Sen in his youth, some of whom were his intimate friends, we have the fullest and most authentic account of Sun's young days. He was born at Choy Hung, Kwangtung, China on November 2, 1866. His father was a rice-farmer, on rented land. The boy attended the village school until he was thirteen years old, at which time he had learned some three thousand Chinese characters—no great achievement. At this time he knew no English. His older brother, Ah Mi, who had been living for some time in Hawaii and had done well, offered to receive the boy and to care for him. This brother sent him to a boarding school, Iolani School, intended for Hawaiian boys, but where at the time five Chinese were received. It was a mission school and in it he not only learned English but became a Christian, a procedure which deeply offended both Ah Mi and the father. An order came that the boy be sent back to China at once. I will take this Jesus nonsense out of him when he gets home. I will see whether he will abandon the religion and

1. The Anthropometry of the American Negro. Melville J. Herskovits. New York: 1930. Columbia University Press. 8 vo. pp. xv. 283. Price $4.00. (Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology. No. XI.)

2. Sun Yat Sen. Henry Bond Restarick. New Haven: 1931. Yale University Press. 16 mo. pp. xxi. 167. Price $1.50.

customs of his ancestors and take up with the superstitions of the foreign devils.

In 1885, when he was nineteen years of age he defied the idols in the village temple, before several companions, by an act of iconoclasm, which he himself and our author consider the beginning of his revolutionary career. Bishop Restarick's book is chiefly interesting for its rectification of errors and its introduction of various young friends and companions of Sun's early years, who cooperated with him in his later work. The book is not intended to be a full biography, but the man's latter life is briefly sketched. Sun Yat Sen had a wonderful power over men. He is justly called "the father of the Chinese Republic" but on the whole he was unsuccessful. He unseated the Manchus but his dreams of construction were not realized and he died a disillusioned and disappointed man.

It is long since we have had occasion to call attention to T. L. Vaswani's work in India. He has kept steadily on—writing, speaking, organizing youth. At the *ashram* he revives the highest and best educational ideals of Ancient India and the influence of the school steadily extends. M. Paul Richard says of him:

I have been blessed—for amidst the deserts of Sindh—that land of unity and aspiration, I have found a true Prophet, a messenger of the new spirit, a saint, a sage, and a seer—a rishi of New India, a leader to the Great Future, Sadhu Vaswani.

In our own land J. V. Cooper says: "Who are the leaders of India today? In the West three names are known more than any other names. They are—Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore and T. L. Vaswani." We have just received his little book, "Religion and Culture,"[3] being an address at the Indian Culture Conference. It presents the author at his best. At that Conference representatives of many religions spoke upon the relation of their faiths to culture, and especially to India's culture. Vaswani made a comprehensive presentation of what the different religions had contributed—especially Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Sikhism, Islam and Christianity. For Vaswani every religion is entitled to respect and he sees good in each and all. His attitude to differing faiths is as his attitude to differing cultures. Indeed his main aim is to make the broadest synthesis. He would take into religion all that he finds good in other faiths, he would have the culture of New India include the fine things of old India and the tried and best from the culture of the West. He holds that religion and culture are so inter-related, that the highest religion means culture and the highest culture must be truly religious.

A little book that is intended to be used either as a text or a supplementary reader is Green's "Pathfinders by Land and Sea."[4] It is for young children and is interestingly written and attractively illustrated. The publishers claim that it is "live history." It is not the only book in its field, but it is a pioneer in some devices—in arrangement, in incentive to further study and reading, in suggesting things for the pupil to do, and in its paragraphs with omissions to be filled. It sketches the progress of geographical exploration from Lief Ericson's visit to Vinland to Amundsen's and Byrd's discoveries at the South Pole. The stories are well told and there is a logical order and development. There is an occasional slip, of no great importance. Thus: "— from Venice to Peiping, which was Kublai Khan's capital." Of course the children should be kept up to date—but "Peiping" was never a capital, for Kublai Khan or any later ruler.

It seems that the little book on "the new dental hygiene"[5] is a revised and enlarged edition of a book that was first printed in 1918. It may be used in school as a text, or as supplementary reading, or it may be a home book. Anyhow, it is, as it claims, "a unique book." It appeals both through the text and the quaint and instructive pictures. The publishers announce that it "is well within the understanding of the third and fourth grade pupils," which seems reasonable. The author expects that it will be used much earlier. He says: "When you are nearly six years old watch for your *first permanent molars.*" This seems somewhat belated advice, as there are probably few school systems, that take in children below six years. The book is educationally sound in its repetition of advice and rules over and over again. Although one hardly likes to think of even third and fourth grade children talking of vitamins and protein and phosphorus, the book deserves well. Children brought up on it may be expected to take intelligent care of the teeth, which is surely a desideratum.

FREDERICK STARR.

3. **Religion and Culture.** T. L. Vaswani. Madras: 1930. Ganesh & Co. 16 mo. pp. 93.

4. **Pathfinders by Land and Sea.** Elmer Green. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1932. World Book Co. 16 mo. pp. vi. 170. Price 72c.

5. **A Child's Book of the Teeth.** Harrison Wader Ferguson. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1932. World Book Co., 16 mo. pp vi. 106. Price 68c.

Correspondence

London Dines Her Indian Police

Editor of UNITY:

Let me tell you a bit of news which, as I interpret it, is very encouraging. The London *Times* of June 23rd tells of a dinner in London of the retired British officers of the Indian police at which there was a "record attendance" and which was attended by the Prince of Wales who addressed them. Notice of the dinner and that the Prince was attending was cabled out to India and every police superintendent of every Province cabled to the chairman of the dinner their "keen satisfaction" at the occasion and that the Prince was to speak. The Prince's speech lauded the police, expressed his sympathy that they had been socially boycotted by Indians of their respective castes, admitted that perhaps there had been a few mistakes of overzeal, and referred to a recently established order of merit and medal of honor created by the King for distinguished services by Indian policemen. That had been created only one week before.

I interpret this to mean that the morale of the Indian police is weakening under the pressure of the social boycott enforced by the caste organizations in the case of the Hindus and by general public sentiment among the Moslem communities. That sort of boycott would be very severe. Among the Hindus it would mean inability to get any religious rites for the new-born, no chance to marry daughters or sons, no death rites, no social intercourse of any sort. As the Moslem Ulemas, divines, are thoroughly pro-Congress, there would be religious barriers for Moslem policemen too. So the Indian Government got the Prince to come so as to flatter the police and buck up their morale with royal notice and praise. The fact that *all* the Provincial police superintendents were so pleased as to cable shows how worried they all have been and how much such a tonic was needed by the men. That there was a record attendance in London shows how apprehensive all the ex-service men are. Since police morale has got to this stage in six months of struggle, and since the Ordinances have been renewed, so that the struggle will go on with steadily increasing bitterness—something is going to pop sooner or later.

It is hell while it lasts, but when the dam bursts it will probably be sudden and it will be perhaps the greatest political earthquake the world has yet known, and the economic repercussions will be tremendous also.

Boston, Massachusetts. RICHARD B. GREGG.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 2)

Ministry, although it had not the appearance of anything very private. People were strolling about just as they liked. There was even the ubiquitous gentleman who sells watches for twopence.

Eventually we found a place which was perhaps the best natural pulpit of all. It was in a field that abutted on to the narrow bit of road leading from the Aerodrome gates to Colindale Station. A privet hedge and a row of iron palings separated this field from the pavement. The iron palings were very bent, so that it was easy to slip through and stand between them and the privet hedge on an up-turned orange box, from which one could speak to a whole road-ful of people. They walked actually at the pace of the proverbial snail and sometimes they had to stand still, because only a certain number are allowed on to the platform at one time. They had nothing to do, nothing to distract them, so the speakers had a grand opportunity. It was computed that our message got across to twenty thousand people from this pulpit. We were there for about an hour and a half, three of us, Miss Collinson, an Australian woman, who had herself flown over the West Australian Desert, Jack Bartlet, a soldier who went through the War, and myself.

People listened very well. One or two "drunks" were a little rude perhaps, and a few epithets were thrown at us reminiscent of the old pre-War Suffrage days, but for the most part we had a grand hearing. Because Jack Bartlet was gassed in the War, his voice is a little husky sometimes. This made a few unthinking young men laugh and jeer a bit. They shouted, "Speak up!" although they obviously had no intention of listening. When he had finished I had a chance of reminding people that it was to a great extent those who went through the last War and knew its realities who objected to this mock war, with its glittering cleanness and its gay glorification of the mere outside of the machine. I appealed to them to think for themselves and not to let themselves be any longer hypnotized by militarism, for surely if we had an independent spirit and thought reasonably we should be a little ashamed to realize that throughout the few hundred thousand years during which mankind has lived on this planet, the air has been an unqualified means of joy and blessing to the human race, but now in this century, man having at long last conquered the air, forthwith proceeds to use it for the furtherance of the practice of killing.

Swan Songs of Arms

[Suggested by the Swan in the Rhone as it flows in front of the Hotel des Bergues where the American delegation stopped.]

1. *Old* men make wars. *Young* men pay the price. Why not have a fathers and sons banquet—presided over by President Motta—when the sons will look their fathers straight in the eyes, and ask, 'Why do you make wars? Why send us. Why not send you?

2. "Disarmament cannot take place by easy stages, but must come in *one sweep*, or not at all."—Einstein.

3. Once, on the Sea of Galilee, there lived a man named Legion, possessed with demons. And now, on the Sea of Geneva, the nations are striving to cast out the Legion of *war-demons*. The leaders of the nations are powerless because of fear. The demoniac of Galilee was cured by the word of a super-man. Who is the super-man of Geneva? Is it Grandi? He spoke well more than once. Is it Simon, or Gibson, or Litvinoff, or Bon-Cour? Perhaps, and perhaps not! This Man may be like some youth David, in some small nation—Turkey, South Africa or Egypt (two great world-leaders have come out of Egypt). Maybe Japan's experience has fitted her to lead the nations to peace. At any rate, the world situation centering on Geneva calls for a Man, a Moses, a Christ, who will bring about disarmament. Where is he? Who is he? Let him come forward! It is time to hear the swan-song of arms!

4. The time is not far off when men will feel a repulsion at the mere suggestion of *building monuments* to war, as they would today over thought of monuments of honor to plagues and crimes. Why not raise our Te Deums over the day when diphtheria swept away ten thousand children to a premature grave?

5. If it is a *mark of Cain* to kill one man, what is it to have part in killing hundreds?

6. Making total disarmament the "goal" to be reached in easy stages is like the offer of "pie in the sky." Sensible people want heaven *here and now*. "By easy stages" is the doctrine that pleases the militarists, imperialists, who will be ready all along the road of the future to preach the gospel of "easy stages"—to feed the fires of hell with promises. Beware of them!

7. If 5 per cent of the clergymen or teachers wore 2 per cent buttons, everywhere—and were proud of them —*war would cease!* Seems a small price. The button would have the power of the cross!

8. *The price of missionaries.* The oft-defied and oft-deified League might well appoint a commission to fix the price of missionaries. Some decades ago, a couple of Anglican (Anglo-Saxon generally ahead) missionaries were mistreated up back-country of China, and it led to large concessions around Hong Kong and Canton. Later, the Germans refused to be comforted over the loss of a Lutheran missionary except by large concessions around Shantung. Now, the Japanese are much distressed over the loss of a couple of Buddhist priests. It is not yet clear what concessions will prove to be a salve. China should take out insurance with Equitable or Lloyds covering missionaries or have the price placed in treaties. Better still, and seriously, every missionary of Christ or Buddha or Mohomet, going into a foreign land, should sign an agreement not to appeal to his government for protection. Otherwise, every land should shut its doors to missionaries. A "Christian" should look only to the country in which he is living for protection.

9. "Does patriotism impel rulers and magnates to the trenches? If those responsible for wars had to fight them, they would quickly adjust every dispute. But the lives of the working class—what do they matter?"—Wentworth.

Sydney Strong.

Geneva, Switzerland.

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